



Songs in the Night

BURCESS



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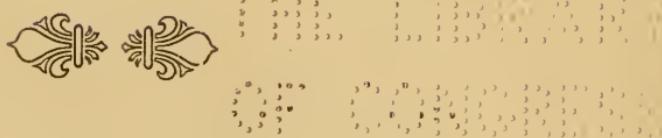


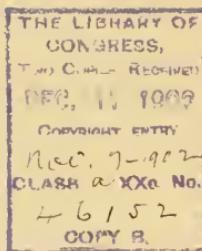
Songs In The Night

BY

A. PARKE BURGESS, D. D.

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The Gazette Press

Rev. A. Parke Burgess, D. D., and his wife, Jennette P. Burgess, were fatally injured in a wreck on the Northern Central Railroad on the evening of August 29, 1901, while returning to Newark from a week's outing in their summer cottage at Lake Bluff, Sodus Point, on Lake Ontario. Mrs. Burgess died at about ten o'clock August 30, and Dr. Burgess at about two o'clock on the same day. The age of each was sixty-six years. They died at the home of their elder son in Newark, N. Y.

The late Dr. Burgess was, by nature, a poet. A talent for writing verse was developed very early in his life, and among his old papers were found many bits of rhyme and poems of some length written in his school boy days.

During the earlier years of his ministry he contributed to the religious press many prose articles and not a few poems. In his later years his thoughts appear to have been less frequently crystallized into poetic form, but what he wrote was exquisite in sentiment and diction, while some of it is worthy to rank with the productions of the masters of the art. The writing of verse was only incidental in his busy life, a sort of pastime, as the many bits of only a few lines hastily penned found here and there among his papers plainly show. But what he wrote has caused his friends to regret that he did not write more.

He evidently wrote, not so much for others as for himself. And hence in what he wrote is plainly to be seen a picture, a

photograph, of the purposes and aspirations of the heart and life of the writer. Nearly all of his poems are serious in character. They have but little to do with the superficial trivialities of life. Yet in them all is the joyful spirit of one who was able to look deep down and high above, who had a great range of vision and a wonderful gift of interpretation of the mysteries of Divine wisdom and love. And hence, as might be expected, the predominant thought in the poetic writings of Dr. Burgess is an eager delight in service for the Master here, coupled with a confident steadfast assurance of rest, peace, and growth hereafter.

Since the death of Dr. Burgess his children have made a partial collection of his poetic writings and embodied them in this volume in the hope that many who knew and loved him and his beloved wife will gain comfort, pleasure, and help from them.

After many years of faithful service to his Master in the persons of his fellow men, the writer of these verses has gone into that Heaven towards which he had so steadfastly gazed. May his thoughts, his faith and his aspirations, gathered herein, come back like rays of Heavenly light, like breaths of Heaven's music, to many who knew and loved the author, and who, while hoping for a better country, are yet "pilgrims of the night."

CHESTER HOLCOMBE.

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SONGS IN THE NIGHT

BY my door, as the shadows grew deeper one night,
A robin sang, up in the tree ;
And the notes were so liquid, so cheery, so bright,
I knew that the song was for me.

It is said that at night a storm hovers nigh,
When the red breast sings out the day ;
But the clouds spread their wings and sailed out of my sky,
And the stars trooped forth at the lay.

So the storm sign is nothing to me any more,
And no bird is a prophet of ill
That sings in the night at my cottage door,
When the tumult of day has grown still.

At the noon-tide her music may be as sweet,
And as vibrant may be the air ;
But its waves in the day will unconsciously beat
Upon nerves that are deadened with care.

Amid jargon and discord and worry and strife,
And noise of the mill wheels that grind,
We hear not and heed not the music of life,
And to beauty our vision is blind.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

But when night breathes her benedictions abroad,
When the pulses of toil cease to beat,
And silence descends, like the presence of God,
Then heaven and earth seem to meet ;

And the spirit is touched with a sense so keen,
And the soul so receptive is made,
That songs of the birds and the angels, I ween,
Reach chords through the night falling shade

That would slumber unused, nor waken for aye,
Were it not for the stillness of night :
So I welcome the last pensive hours of the day,
And look forward to others more bright.

How we long for the fuller disclosure that waits
On a day that is not far away,
When a morning shall wide fling open its gates
To the march of a jubilant day.

And the snatches of song from the throat of a bird,
And the prayer that we lifted above,
And the thought, and the dream, and the half spoken word,
Shall be lost in the fullness of love.

O, I've prayed oftentimes for the "songs in the night,"
That should still the pulse-throbbings of pain,
And sing on—for the toilers seeking the light—
Of the "sunshine after the rain."

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

I have watched for the loud-swelling strain, yet unheard,
Of the world's redemption from wrong ;
And my faith can translate, from the throat of the bird,
The great theme of that on-coming song.

No, no, my sweet bird, pouring from the tree-top
Your joy, that floats down to my ear—
Your note is not lost, for it wakes a fond hope,
Which the long waiting world shall yet hear.

I shall watch for your song, again and again,
As it reaches far off, and away,
Till its message transfigures the nations of men,
And, after the night, brings the day.

THE VICTORIOUS CROSS

(*For the Y. P. S. C. E. Tune: Caledonia.*)

IFT the banner, hold it high,
Blend its glory with the sky,
Furl it never till you die—
Die at Duty's post.

'Tis the banner of your Lord,
Follow quickly at His word,
He His own with strength will gird,
He will lead His host.

God must arm you for the field,
Girdle, breast-plate, helmet, shield,
Take them all and bravely wield,
Then, the Spirit's Sword.
Aimed with malice at your hearts,
Satan's subtle, fiery arts ;
You may quench his deadly darts,*
By the Holy Word.

Take the standard, hold it firm,
Fear no evil, dread no harm,
Trust, amid the wild alarm—
Trust your Sovereign King.

THE VICTORIOUS CROSS

Legion though your foes may be,
Hold the ground, and never flee ;
O'er their hosts to victory,
 You, your Lord will bring.

Raise the banner, hold it strong,
For the battle may be long
E'er the triumph over wrong
 Shall, at last, be won.
Yet, He who from Edom came,†
—Lord Jehovah is His name—
Clothed in blood, and crowned with flame,
 All the earth shall own.

* EPH. 6. † ISA. 63.

MEMORIAL DAY

GO, deck the graves of your dead once more,
The heroes who died for you :
With incense sweet as the vernal shower,
And grateful fragrance of May-day flower,
And love that distils like the dew.

Go, solemnly stand on the peaceful dust,
Let the drum be muffled and soft ;
For spirits unseen of a glorious host
May be mixing your throng—let your strains be lost
In the music they bring from aloft.

Go, not with a pomp that is worldly and vain,
And the noise of an idle throng ;
But march to the time of a minor strain,
And with bated breath and a low refrain,
As you bear your garlands along.

For a patriot's grave is a sacred shrine,
Where the weary found rest at last ;
The moment is full of a thought divine,
And immortal things with your wreaths entwine,—
But the martial eclat is past.

MEMORIAL DAY

Go kneel on the consecrated ground,
And scatter the sod with flowers ;
For a heart once brave rests under each mound
Of a man that was loyal and faithful found,
To the Flag of his country and ours.

Go stand with uncovered and reverent head,
Till your patriot fire revives ;
And ponder the deeds of your soldier-dead,
Till the spirit that hallows their lowly bed
Shall enthrone itself in your lives.

Yes, kneel on the turf that is green again,
O'er the graves that enshrine your own ;
And lay a fair wreath on the cherished mound,
With devotion as fair, living all the year 'round,
Living still, thro' the years that have flown.

LAKE BLUFF AT SUNSET

“SUNSET and Evening Star :”—No copyright
Nor letters patent, and no high built walls,
Nor deeds of ownership, forbid my sight
Of glories that upon my vision fall
In boundless affluence from sky and lake and bay,
As in my perch alone I sit and gaze,
Spell-bound and silent, at the close of day,
Far out upon the splendors of the sun’s last rays.

“Sunset and Evening Star :”—The day is bright
To the last hours upon its dial plate.
The ancient prophecy : “It shall be light
At evening-time,” still holds its date.
And such a light not from the mountain tops
Of the Sierras, nor Italia’s classic vales,
Upon the ravished vision ever drops.

“Sunset and Evening Star :”—My own Ontario,
Thy bosom pulsates with a golden heat,
A sea of glass, mingled with fire, as flow
The sun’s last beams abroad, and at my feet
The surf breaks, gently, as a mother’s lullaby,
Calming the spirit to a soft repose,
And wooing all the weary world to lie
'Mid mantling dreams which Nature round her throws.

WHEN

WHEN I can do no more,
I always can do this ;
I can look upward and implore
Strength for my helplessness.

When shadows cloud my way,
I clasp the hand of One
Who safely leads, by night or day—
I never am alone.

When my own wisdom fails,
I ask, and am supplied
With wisdom which avails—
My Saviour is my Guide.

When in some rugged road
I tread with bleeding feet,
And falter underneath my load,
My Helper there I meet.

When driven to despair
By wild or sudden grief,
My Comforter is always there
With succor and relief.

WHEN

When tempted by the lure
Of some seductive sin,
Escape is promised and made sure—
My Keeper is within.

When fade my treasures here,
When gain and loss befall,
O then my Keeper, Comforter,
Shall be my all in all.

EVERY

EVERY day its toil,
Every life its mission ;
Now we till the soil,
Afterward fruition.

Every task its time,
Every grief its season ;
And in ways sublime
God makes known His reason.

Every eye its tear,
Every back its burden ;
Tribulation here,—
Peace in Christ our guerdon.

Every heart its pain,
Alternating pleasure ;
Sunshine after rain,
Joy in fuller measure.

Every day its night,
Every night its waking ;
Faith leads on to sight,
Cloudless day is breaking.

EVERY

Every shattered hope
May, like sunbeams riven,
Form a rainbow slope
To the gate of Heaven.

“ ALL MY NEED ”

THOUGH I am weak, 'tis strength to know
The arm beneath me is not so.
My weakness renders me secure,
The hiding place it seeks is sure.

Though I get lost and go astray,
My travel guide knows all my way.
My wayward feet may heedless be,
But He ne'er loses sight of me.

Though dangers hover by my path,
Defense for me my Keeper hath.
I may not see, I may not know,
But He is nearer than my foe.

Though I lack wisdom—simple, blind—
Of Him I yet may seek and find :
I ask, He always gives it me,
Upbraiding not,—abundant, free.

While I can nothing do alone,
Together with the Mighty One
I can do all things :—since His power
Sufficient is, for every hour.

“ALL MY NEED”

When tribulation is my lot,
The Comforter forsakes me not.
The world brings conflict,—He gives peace ;
He speaks, the winds and tempests cease.

Though I am poor, He maketh me
Richer than kings and princes be ;
For I have all things, and abound.
The pearl of greatest price I've found.

Though I the silent vale must tread,
Its shadow hath for me no dread ;
Death's twilight sunrise will become,
And wings of light will bear me home.

He who supplieth all my need
As here the pilgrim-path I tread,
Will be my Good—and only He ;—
And this is heaven, I know, for me.

WE SHALL KNOW

“**W**e shall know each other there :”
'Tis a pleasant strain to sing,
For our friends are very dear,
And we do not cease to cling
To each form, each face, each name ;
Love is there and here the same.

“We shall know each other there.”
Years may pass, and changes come ;
But forever, everywhere,
Love is changeless ; and by some
Sign, or bond, or token true,
It will every tie renew.

“We shall know each other there”
By the fellowships of years,
By a thousand memories fair,
Features, glances, smiles and tears ;
Recognition follows love,
Here and in the home above.

“We shall know each other there.”
Tender thought, and blessed hope ;
Cheering all our grief and care,

WE SHALL KNOW

Mingling every bitter cup ;
But—it strikes a deeper chord,
This question :—Shall we know our Lord ?

Will He know us when face to face
We meet Him, on the other shore ?
He trace in us the lines of grace,
And we in Him the wounds He bore,
Wounds which on Him our sins had made,
Grace which in us, His love displayed ?

“HE THAT OVERCOMETH”

REAT is he who masters empires,
Greater, he who conquers self ;
Least are they who, like the vampires,
Live to glut themselves with pelf.
Good is sent that we may share it,
Ill, that we may bravely bear it,
Good and ill,
By heaven's will,
Strangely blending in God's plan
To evolve the perfect man.

Live your life : and you will find it
Just the grandest life, for you ;
Take this truth and firmly bind it
To your heart ; for if you do
You will say,
Some coming day,
That the lot which God designed
Was most graciously assigned.

Greet your day : it may be clouded ;
Rain or snow or sleet may fall ;
Let your dawn be darkly shrouded,
Light will sure break through it all ;

“HE THAT OVERCOMETH”

Outer-veiling clouds can never
Quench the Sun, that shines forever.
Evening bright
And star flamed night
Will coronet the darkest days
With serene and pensive rays.

Drink your cup : for love prepared it.—
Drink, though bitter it may be ;
Drink, for He who gave it, shared it.
Must He drain it, and not we ?
Changed by alchemy of love,
Bitter dregs will sweetness prove ;
And the draught,
Freely quaffed,
To your inner life shall bring
Gladness of eternal spring.

MY PSALM

¶ T may be dark, it may be light,
The way my path is leading ;
But He who formed the day and night
My foot-fall aye is heading.

My fields may all be sown with tears,
And grief grow in each furrow ;
I shall reap joy in future years,
And—I may reap to-morrow.

These hills I climb seem steep and high,
But more enchanting vision
They will afford me by-and-by,
Of the fair fields Elysian.

Each bitter cup He bids me drink
Is mingled with His sweetness,
And changed to nectar on the lip ;
So I taste Love's completeness.

I sleep, but my heart waketh—still
I find Him ever near me ;
He giveth songs—for 'tis His will
In dark hours most to cheer me.

MY PSALM

And like the happy bird that sings
All night, for very gladness,
My Psalm shall bear me on its wings,
From out the realm of sadness.

My wants are to my Shepherd known,
And He will gently guide me ;
He tends and guards me as His own,
And loves me though He chide me.

When tired, He maketh me lie down
Till heavenly dreams, like pastures green,
And rivers of sweet peace, have flown
My spirit and her cares between.

And when my pageantry shall be
The shadows of the silent land,
His rod and staff will comfort me,
And I shall clasp His loving hand.

Then He will bring me to His feast,
The banquet of Eternal Love ;
And though of all His saints the least,
Admit me to the host above.

FOUR-SCORE YEARS

On the Eightieth Birthday of a Friend

JUST four-score years ! how the tide rolls on,
As it nears the limitless sea !
Bearing the voyager over life's flood
To the shore of eternity ;
On, through childhood's sunniest hours,
On, through youth's enchanted bowers,
On, through manhood's ripened powers,
Till age appears
With its crown of years
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,
Anchors at last in the port of the blest.

Mile-stones four-score ! How the rolling years
Were checked with sunshine and shade !
The calm overcast by the pitiless storm,
Earth's joy into sorrow must fade ;
Spring with its bloom and fragrance sped,
Fruit-bearing summer quickly fled,
Autumn at hand with a weary tread
Bent with its load
On the long-traveled road,
And winter draws on with its frost-laden breath,
And the tramp of the years nears the Valley of Death.

FOUR-SCORE YEARS

Yes, four-score years ! And they who have reached
The boundary here to life set
Have few companions of earlier years
To journey along with them yet.
Fathers and mothers have passed on before,
Brothers and sisters—we greet them no more,
Loved ones have sped to the other shore,—
They beckon us on
To the heavenly crown,
And with glorified vision how many wait
To welcome us in, at the pearly gate !

Gone—four-score years ; and the gathering snow
Is resting upon the brow ;
But as backward we glance on the way we have trod,
Before the Great Giver we bow,
And joyfully bring Him our songs of praise
Whose mercies have followed us all our days,
And this moment we pray that life's lingering rays
Soft with mercy divine
May increasingly shine,
And lead in the footsteps of light
To the land never shadowed by night.

Four-score changing years :—stand firm in thy lot,
Faithful and true to life's end ;
Bending ever thine ear to catch every word
Of the message thy Master may send ;

FOUR-SCORE YEARS

Be watchful thine eye, for far spent is the night ;
Be burnished thine armor, thou soldier of light ;
Be ready to march, for the day-star is bright ;
 Be valiant in fight
 For the truth and the right,
And a conqueror by and by stand,
Crowned, and seated at God's right hand.

Just four-score years ! And what yet remains,
 To measure the earthly strife ?
How many the sands left yet in the glass
 To measure the years of thy life ?
For, silently, one by one, they fall,
 One by one, until vanished, all ;
One by one, till thy God shall call ;—
 When thy race is run,
 Saying : “ Servant, well done ! ”
Faithful, aye, in thy Lord's employ,
Enter, now, His unspeakable joy.

OCEAN

WHAT volumes evermore unguessed
Are shelved amid thy hidden caves ?
What mysteries thy sprays enfold,
And legends of the times of old
When ages slumbered on thy breast,
In silent and oblivious rest—
What footprints lost, and nameless graves,
Are sung, oh sea, by thy sad waves !

We read of fables, weird and old,
Of unrecorded eras past,
When beings, phantom-like and free
And strange, inhabited the sea ;
And Neptune proud, as we are told,
With car of shell and dolphin bold,
Rode gaily on thy billows' crest,
Or flew before the fierce, wild blast.

And Triton with his trumpet loud,
Half man, half fish, and grossly made,
With crescent tail and hoof of horse
Wore hair as parsley, wild and coarse;
Oceanus great, and Thetis proud,

OCEAN

With sons three thousand, as a cloud
Of shadowy forms, dwelt in the shade
That lay o'er all thy deeps outspread.

But, were there any then, as now,
That bore to all thy ceaseless wail
An echo in their own pained hearts,
A sad refrain to all the parts
Of dirges that for ever flow
With all thy waves that come and go—
And was there then in every gale
The language of some tragic tale ?

No answer howsoe'er we wait,
Comes down thy distant corridor ;
But now we know full many stand
Hovering along thy wave-worn strand,
Listening, as at the Delphic gate,
The dreaded prophecy of fate :—
And still they linger on the shore
For those who will return no more.

Each bark that cleaves thy restless waves
Bears loves and hopes from land to land ;
And for each gallant heart at sea,
Some heart ashore beats tremblingly :
None e'er go down to coral graves
Whose shroud of green the mermaid weaves
O'er whom sweet zephyrs do not blend
With plaint of kindred, lover, friend.

OCEAN

How many in thy bosom sleep
Whose locks are with the sea-weed twined !
Their bleaching bones no mound protects,
Buried amid long wasted wrecks !
O'er them the sightless monsters creep,
Where doting love may never weep,
Nor stray at evening hour to find
Its grief voiced in the low, soft wind.

But there are waves more sad than thine,
And depths more fatal and more dark ;
Many the wrecks thy caverns store—
The bowl can tell of many more.
And those whose loves were drowned in wine
In colder desolation pine,
Than they who ne'er the spot may mark
Where sank their treasure-laden bark.

AN EASTER THOUGHT

F vexations hedge about thee,
And the chafing cares of life,
Daily turbulence and strife,
And the fretted tides of passion
Surge within thee and without thee,
List thy Master's voice and will :
“Troubled spirit, ‘Peace, be still.’”

Staggering beneath thy burden,
Pressing on, but not alone,
Answering back, “Thy will be done,”
With each step it shall grow lighter ;
Strength divine shall be thy guerdon ;
And thy spirit, braver, brighter,
Shall rejoice at His sweet will
Who commands and governs still.

Lay no troubles on a brother ;
Like the sunbeams be thy thoughts,
Or the bird-song, as it floats,
Laden with a benediction,
Out of self, to bless another ;—
Till the song of thy affliction
Echoes back the Master's will :
“Child of sorrow, ‘Peace, be still.’”

O, for this emancipation !
From one's self to be set free,
Chained to self no more to be.
Reign through all my inner being,
Author of my liberation !
—Thought, volition, passion, feeling,—
O'er this realm enthrone Thy will ;
Bid these restless waves “be still.”

This Gethsemane hath taught us :—
Richest gain from utmost loss.
This the lesson of the cross :—
Peace and strength by deepest anguish.
By the pain and woe that bought us,
By the stripes that made him languish
By the pangs of His blest will,
Christ commands us : “ Peace, be still.”

Fatal is the introspection
That but leads us to complain ;
Nourishes our morbid pain ;
Magnifies each dark misgiving
Till the somber-hued infection
Cankers all the joy of living ;
And our murmurings mock the will
That has whispered : “ Peace, be still.”

Calmer, deeper is the river
As it widens to the sea ;

AN EASTER THOUGHT

So our human life may be,
Flowing from the Rock eternal,
Christ, of life and peace the Giver,—
Till, beneath the skies supernal,
Heaven shall this sweet pledge fulfill :
“I am with you, Peace, be still.”

LAURIE

THOU hadst but a brief day
Of gladness and pain ;
Then sped like a bird away,
Thy rest to gain.

Sadly they cared for thee
Till He said—“ Come ”,
Who had prepared for thee,
Health and a home.

Tenderly loved thou wast ;
We cherish thee yet :
Though gone thou art not lost,
Nor do we forget.

Fond memory brings to us
Thy form and grace ;
Thy laugh again rings to us,
We see thy sweet face.

And thus thou art living
In some blessed sphere,
And comfort art giving
To lonely ones here.

LAURIE

Many swift years have flown,
Since, finding Christ's grace,
His holy spirit shone
In thy fair face.

And through thy prayerfulness,
Always there came to be
More of His heavenliness,
Shining about thee.

Many were taught of thee,
Wisdom and goodness.
Sweetly they think of thee—
Think but to bless.

One loved thee tenderly,
Wept at thy side,
Waits now, and longs for thee
Adorned as a bride.

Just ere thou foundest rest,
One dear to me
Reached the Redeemer's breast—
Is he with thee ?

Oh ! how my eager soul
Now faints to go
Onward to reach the goal,
Where I shall know.

LAURIE

Yet I would fain abide,
If it be best,
Toiling till eventide
Bringeth me rest.

Those who had gone before
Beckoned thee on ;
And dear ones on this lone shore
Fain would have gone.

Near to the mercy seat,
Inside the gate,
Thee with the pure to meet,
Meekly we wait.

CUM GRANO SALIS

WHEN the marvelous man comes round,
His eyes dilated, and manners wise,
Be sure he's come with sensational lies,
And when he repeats some wonder he's found,
Before you swallow his story just halt,
And take what he says "with a grain of salt."

When the garrulous woman drops in
For a hasty call, and draws you aside,
Beware ! for perhaps somebody has lied ;
And under her tongue she is rolling the sin
As a very sweet morsel : "O, have you heard ?
Have you not ? Well, then, don't say a word,"

"As coming from me. For you know, you know,"
(The cowardly sneak always wears a disguise,
When spreading her gossip, and scandal and lies)
"You know we are friends, and 'twould never do ;
But where have you been ? It's all over town ;
In everyone's mouth, I declare, up and down."

" 'Tis just as I state it ; and worse I'll be bound.
Your ignorance fills me with utter surprise."
And this is the way they disseminate lies—
These idle tale-bearers, who always go round
Slyly seeking to put somebody at fault,
Whose words you must take "with a grain of salt."

UNSAVED

I am not saved ; Spring's warmthful ray
Quickened the grain in fertile soil ;
The harvest's long and generous day
Blessed bounteously the reaper's toil ;
My thriftless hands have culled no sheaves,
My empty garner none receives,

I am not saved.

I am not saved ; at vernal dawn,
Many with precious seed went out ;
Bedreamed, letting the hours glide on,
More sleep my languid eyes besought ;
And now with joy the faithful reap,
While harvestless I sit and weep—

I am not saved.

Strange that the birds should sing in vain,
The early flowers in sweetness bloom,
The mellow clouds send genial rain,
And to my heart no teaching come ;
When nature sprang to life, renewed,
I languished on, in idle mood,

I am not saved.

UNSAVED

Why have I suffered thus to pass
My golden opportunities ?
Why indolent, when swift, alas,
Life's fruitful summer season flies ?
Though many voices come to me
And say, "The Master calleth thee !"
I am not saved.

Soon will the harvest time be gone,
The last sheaf borne in triumph home ;
And I, unblest, afraid, alone,
Shall to the Lord of harvest come,
If yet my bed of ease I keep,
And go not forth to sow and reap ;
I am not saved.

Oh, shall I not begin *to-day*,
And in the vineyard of the Lord,
Toil, till at evening he shall say,
"It is enough !" At that sweet word
I'll with my harvest homeward haste,
And enter into peaceful rest—
Jeweled and saved.

AN OLD REPROBATE

O H, you wicked old scamp, will you never be good ?
And behave in a way that a decent man should ?
The years o'er your head in such numbers have flown,
It must surely be time that your wild oats were sown ;
And one would suppose that a spell of propriety
Would please you, if only for sake of variety.
I should like to reform you and lead you to mend,
But I fear you will stick to your sins to the end.

“THE DEAD LINE”

BEWARE of the Dead Line, my brother,
It cannot be far away;
And this way, or that, or the other,
This Nemesis gets you, some day.

’Tis a fixed and a firm decretal,
And a law that changeth not ;
A “live wire,” whose touch will be fatal,
And strange as the “death in the pot.”

The hairs of your head are all numbered,
—The gray ones especially are ;—
And the brow that with them is cumbered,
The “Committee” will sight from afar.

“Gray hairs are a crown of glory,”
Of old the Wise Man said :—
But the preacher sage and hoary
Must dye, or lose his head.

The lawyer has full permission
To get as old as he will ;
And age justifies the physician
In presenting a larger bill.

“THE DEAD LINE”

The judge on the bench is strongest
At three-score years and ten ;—
The statesman with record longest,
Is honored most among men.

So, these are the men referred to
In Proverbs of old, no doubt ;
And ministers should not be heard to
Repine, if themselves are left out.

But, brothers, press over the “dead line,”
And carry the battle on ;—
For Christ still lengthens the red-line
Of gospel conquests won.

And let them count, at their leisure,
The gray locks over your brow ;
It may yet be the Christ-King’s good pleasure
On old heads the crown to bestow.

In the heat of the day bear thy burden ;—
In the cool of the day do thy best ;
And this, at the last, be thy guerdon,
“Good servant, enter thy rest.”

THE TIPPLER'S FALLACY

“I can drink or let it alone,” you say,
As you scornfully turn from the pledge away ;
“Nor hand of mine
Shall ever sign
A vow that makes me a crouching slave ;
I rank with the many, free and brave.”

So you say, and indeed we very well know
You can *drink* to excess, and frequently do ;
But we're in doubt
You see, about
The other half of your boasted creed,
And the “better half” it is, indeed.

The ability you have to drink, my friend,
Is a weakness, and will increase to the end ;
But strong is he,
And nobly free,
Though taunted by friend and haunted by foe,
Who still lets alone the dark cup of woe.

Your loud protestation means probably this :
“An occasional glass is nothing amiss ;

THE TIPPLER'S FALLACY

To put it blunt,
I can, but won't
Surrender the *manly* prerogative
To drink when I please and as much, die or live."

Ah yes ! you say now you can "let it alone ;"
So thousands have said, as they went reeling down
 The course of drink
 To ruin's brink,
Till health, hope and friends and property gone,
They died, warning others to let it alone.

To-day you may stop, it is true, if you choose ;
But think of the strength by indulgence you lose !
 While appetite,
 With growing might
Is fearfully undermining your soul
And clasping about you its fatal control.

'Tis plain that the rational way to prove
Your power to surrender the drink you love
 Is to *give up*
 The drunkard's cup.
In this is your manhood's liberty,
And he alone who does it is FREE.

THE SILVER WEDDING

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of a clergyman and his wife.

BE it silver, be it golden—
Wood or diamond, tin or crystal,
When a marriage feast is holden,
—Deems the scribe of this epistle—
When beneath the arch there stand,
 Side by side,
Two who clasp each other's hand,
 Groom and bride,
Each heart beating just as truly,
 Plighted troth as fondly guarded,
As when vows were spoken newly
 In the bridal hour departed,
Every pulse should throb with gladness,
 Every eye tell out its pleasure ;—
And each song, dispelling sadness,
 Trill a quick, enchanting measure.

Be it so, that tints have faded
 From the cheeks that once were roses ;
Dimness has the sight invaded ;
 And a careful search discloses
Coronating each fair brow,
 Silver threads,

THE SILVER WEDDING

Spangled, as we see them now,
Over heads
Often weary with their thinking,
Often racked with keenest aching,
Bared to life's blasts, without shrinking,
Every tempest bravely taking ;—
Be it so : for storms can never
Dim the stars within you shining,
Love and hope as bright as ever
Give each cloud “a silver lining.”

Time may pass—but still enhancing
Are the treasures that you cherish ;
Pass the dreams of youth's romancing
Yet the things that cannot perish
Brighter grow and more of worth—
More benign—
More of heaven and less of earth—
More divine—
For we hold the blessed vision
Of a future, glad, immortal,
And love's most complete fruition
Lies beyond that future's portal :—
Portal of a home unfading—
Shrine of love's eternal plighting—
Joy no sorrow ever shading—
Ties no evil ever blighting.

THE SILVER WEDDING

God hath lit this hope within us,
That the pathway we are treading
Leads to ever brighter vistas,—
To one and another wedding,
Each disclosing in the bond
Early taken
Love more deep if not more fond
—Love unshaken—
Holier, truer, riper growing,
By life's summer showers and sheening,
As we come more near to knowing
All its sacred depth of meaning ;
Love made pure by long endurance—
Love refined by daily trial—
Love confirming its assurance,
By the life of self denial.

Life has not more shade than shining,
Wedded happiness grows purer,
Bliss increasing, love refining,
Faith and hope grow clearer, stronger.
Spring was gay, and fair and sweet,
But there are
Glories richer, more complete,
Brighter far,
In the silver summer hours,
In the golden, red, and scarlet,
Of Autumnal woods and bowers,

THE SILVER WEDDING

Autumn evenings, moon- and star-lit.
For these latter lessons teach us
 Of the land across the river—
Where no frost nor snow shall reach us,
 —Land of spring and youth forever.

Thus there falls an autumn glory—
 And a calm steals o'er the spirit—
Hushing all its care and worry ;—
 And, seraphic tones to cheer it,
Wafted from that nearing shore
 Of life eternal,
Sung by those who went before,
 Strains supernal,
Roll upon us, as the night-shades
 Come a holy stillness shedding,
And the bright, seraphic bride-maids,
 Chant the spirit's golden wedding.
Then, though memory to this altar
 Bring the flowers she loves to cherish,
Press, Oh lives that must not falter,
 To the crown that shall not perish.

And what God hath joined together
 Never shall be put asunder ;
Side by side, in every weather,
 Be the sky you journey under,
Seen by faith or seen by sight,
 Day by day,

THE SILVER WEDDING

Clear as silver—*dark as night*,
Tread your way
With a trust still growing stronger
As you near the western gloaming,
And you hear the boatmen coming.
With the children God hath given,
And the flocks that you have tended,
May you all find rest in heaven,
When the pilgrimage is ended.

BYE AND BYE

THE clouds will all have passed away,

Bye and bye,

And there will dawn a brighter day,

Bye and bye.

The earth rolls forward out of night,

A radiant future comes in sight,

Wrong yet shall yield the throne to right,

And truth shall flood the world with light,

Bye and bye—yes, bye and bye.

The signs that fail shall all come true,

Bye and bye ;

The King of Kings “make all things new,”

Bye and bye.

Faith long delayed is not in vain ;

There shall be sunshine after rain ;

The buried seed yield golden grain,

And flowers that fade revive again,

Bye and bye—yes, bye and bye.

Earth will feel a balmy breath,

Bye and bye ;

Life burst through the gates of death,

Bye and bye.

BYE AND BYE

Love will make all life more sweet,
Brotherhood will be complete,
Rich and poor together meet
At our common Master's feet,
 Bye and bye—yes, bye and bye.

Truth shall spring forth from the ground,
 Bye and bye ;
Righteousness and peace abound,
 Bye and bye.
Man shall then no more oppress,
Hands be lifted but to bless,
Make another's burden less,
Help and heal the world's distress ;
 Bye and bye—yes, bye and bye.

“ THE BOYS ”

“ GOD bless the Boys !” our hearts repeat,
Through all the hours of day;
They’re with us at the Mercy-Seat,
Oft as we kneel to pray.

“ God bless the Boys,” whose better thoughts
Have ripened into gold;
Whose feet a better path have sought,
With faces toward the fold.

“ God bless the Boys,” with sunny days,
And loves to sweeten life;
And purity, and peace, and grace,
And home, and child, and wife.

“ God bless the Boys,” when one by one,
They feel temptation’s power;
And heaven bend nearer, kindlier down,
To help, in that dark hour.

“ God bless the Boys ” who lead the van
Of temperance and right;
Make each a brave, true hearted man,
With lance and honor bright.

“THE BOYS”

“God bless the Boys!” The hour may come
When each, alone, must stand,
And battle with the demon, Rum,
As knights fought, hand to hand.

“God bless the Boys,” and help them, still,
To tread a free land’s sod,
As Cavaliers, with steel-like will,
Marched in the “Truce of God.”

“God bless the Boys!” and as they fall,
Each with his armor bright,
Tablets shall tell the world: “They all
Fell battling for the right.”

“God bless the Boys!” and when no more
The noise of war they hear,
May Christ’s “Well done,” at heaven’s door,
Welcome each Victor there.

“JUST AS I AM”

“**J**UST as I am!” I dare not wait,
I dare not longer risk my soul
Outside the Heavenly Shepherd’s gate,
Lest I should miss the blessed goal,
Or, turning, seek the fold too late.

“ Just as I am!” I cannot feel,
As fain I would, my nature’s woe,
Nor melt beneath thy kind appeal,
Nor grieve to see my Savior bleed,
And know He suffered for my weal.

“ Just as I am!” Thou knowest best
My depth of guilt, my dreadful sin;
I only know I am opprest
By fear and pain and strife within;
I know my need—Thou knowest the rest.

“ Just as I am!” Though so unmeet
To be received and made Thine own
I fall before Thy mercy-seat;
O Christ—I hasten to Thy throne!
My guilt itself seeks this retreat.

“JUST AS I AM”

“Just as I am!” My heart, so dumb,
I fear would never warmer be,
Nor I be more inclined to come;
It is Thy love constraineth me,
It is Thy voice that calls me home.

“Just as I am!” Thy latest call
I hear and heed with bitter tears:
So late to come and bring Thee all
My leaves, my tares, and wasted years—
So late at mercy’s shrine to fall.

“Just as I am!” And I rejoice
That mercy’s gate stood open long
For one so slow to hear Thy voice;
My heart has learned the great new song;
At last Thy love has fixed my choice.

“Just as I am!” And if for me
One little hour remaineth still,
Thy truest servant I would be,
And prove the love that owns Thy will:
But this, my Lord, I leave to Thee.

THE PESSIMIST'S LAMENT

ON the shore I gaze through the gloaming haze, out over the
misty sea;
Fair ships I descry that go sailing by, but there comes no ship
to me.
Some bring their freight to those who wait, and some go down
in the deeps;
And there's glad surprise for many eyes, and many an eye that
weeps;
To some they bear a fortune rare, but I know by the Fates'
decree
The ships sail light up the harbor to-night, that should bring
treasure to me.

I have sown in the past, and freely broadcast the seed where a
harvest should be,
But no ripe sheaves it bore, and no plenteous store,—there is no
harvest for me.
Men reap from their fields their generous yields, and bring up
gold from the mines;
Men glean from the earth with gladsome mirth the grapes for
their vintage wines;
But alas there remains no gleaning of grains, no fruit on the
vine or the tree,

THE PESSIMIST'S LAMENT

No rich "harvest home" when the even shall come, no welcoming
plaudits for me.

The clouds hang low on the day's dull brow, and fog is dense on
the lea;

But the sun might gleam and the night stars beam,—the earth
is still dark for me.

Old hopes all are dead, the old joys have fled, and others have
failed to come;

Ill fortunes may bear me here and there, but still I find no home.
In bitterness too, I find this true: That "all is vanity;"
The world is wide for wealth and pride, but it has no room for
me.

I move with the throng as it rustles along, and mirth and joy
are free;

But in never a face I behold a trace of a friend who cares for me.
In the crowd I'm alone, and every tone is as cold as the dreary
wind;

No solitudes rest on the human breast like that of an isolate
mind.

The procession moves on with chatter and fun, but all its rollick-
ing glee

Only mocks my lone thought, for I know there is not a chord in
its music for me.

I remember the days and the good old ways when plebeians all
were we;

THE PESSIMIST'S LAMENT

But changes have come—perhaps better for some—yet the
old times were better for me.
There were neighbors then, and the richest of men walked side
by side with the poor ;
And the children of all—of the great and the small—could
slide on the same cellar door.
Those old times are past ; it may be for the best—on this we
may not agree ;
But the plebeian days, and the old-fashioned ways, were better, I
fancy, for me.

SHE REJECTED CHRIST

SHE rejected Christ, in the pride of her heart,
She rejected Christ and the better part.
She rejected Christ for a sinful pleasure,
The joy of Heaven for a carnal treasure.

She rejected Christ in her prosperous days;
She rejected Christ and wisdom's ways.
She rejected Christ for the smile of the throng,
She refused the right and wedded the wrong.

She rejected Christ when her life was young,
When her cheeks were beauty, her lips were song;
When her eyes were luster, her form was grace,
And the glow of health was on her face.

She rejected Christ, but the years sped by,
Taking health from her cheek and light from her eye;
And her lithesome tread became feeble and slow,
And time's snowy furrows were on her brow:

And foolishly striving to satisfy
Her immortal mind with a finite joy,
She fell short of the crown, the harp, the song,
And the sweet "well done," and the holy throng.

SHE REJECTED CHRIST

She rejected Christ, her Infinite Friend,
And deceived herself to the bitter end.
She sought a false guide, and she missed the goal;
She leaned upon hopes that betrayed her soul.

WORK FOR JESUS

Y. P. S. C. E. Hymn.

WHAT a work to do for Jesus!
Work for you and work for me;
Work for all who trust his merit,
All who would his glory see;
Though we fill a lowly station,
And our talent be but small,
Though we are but young disciples,
We must heed the Savior's call.

What a work to do for Jesus,
And the perishing around,
Souls that by His blood are ransomed,
Telling them the joyful sound !
Oh, the lost and dying millions
Wandering from God astray !
You and I may help to lead them
In the straight and narrow way.

What a work to do for Jesus,
Work for heart and hand and brain !
Sowing aye, beside all waters,
Precious seeds of golden grain ;
Going forth in life's glad morning,

WORK FOR JESUS

Happy with the Master's love,
And at eve returning, laden
For the "welcome home" above.

What a work to do for Jesus,
Work that angels fain would do.
Might the task to them be given
That the Lord has given you,
They would hasten down from heaven,
To this sinful world would come,
Borne on love's unwearied pinions,
And invite the lost ones home.

Oh, the sacred inspiration !
List, each heart by grace made free :
From the cross and from the garden—
"This I freely do for thee!"
Can our lips be dumb in silence,
All unmoved by Love's bequest ?
Can we close our eyes in slumber ?
Can we fold our hands to rest ?

EXPEDI CRUCEM

“**M**AKE ready the cross,” the magistrate said,
“ Away with Him,” clamoured the throng,
As out through the city gate they led
The innocent victim along.

“ Make ready the cross,” the angels sang,
That had chanted the Saviour’s birth ;
With a “ Welcome Home,” their voices rang,
That before had sung, “ Peace on earth.”

“ Good will to men,” was the new, sweet strain
That had ushered His flight from the skies ;
“ Good will,” from the cross the soft refrain
Breathes forth, as the Sufferer dies.

“ Make ready the cross,” the dark world pled,
By death’s cold prison shut in ;
Vain was each altar—each victim that bled,
Till the Son of God suffered for sin.

“ Make ready the cross,” and the bitter cup,
Plead the lips that must drain it dry ;
For ‘tis meet that One should His life give up,
That the sinful world might not die.

EXPEDI CRUCEM

“ Make ready the cross !” the clamor goes on,
“ Lift Him up on the shameful tree ;”
We crucify, still, the Spotless One,
Barabbas still we set free.

RUINED BY SIN—SAVED BY GRACE.

Dedicated to the Thousand Island Park Tabernacle.

Note :—An infidel who had never been moved by eloquent sermons was led to Christ by the influence of an illiterate hod-carrier, who joyfully sang as he pursued his calling :

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus, my Saviour, is All and in all.”

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus, my Saviour, is All and in all.”
So sang the toiler, plodding away
At his common-place task, from day to day.

“I’m a poor sinner,” I humbly confess,
But Jesus the Lord is my righteousness.
I am all weakness, but Jesus is strong ;
This is my confidence, all the day long.

“I’m a poor sinner,” and wretched would be,
But He lifts the light of His face upon me ;
He fills me with peace, and washes me white,
And sheds on my pathway His wonderful light,

“I’m a poor sinner,” and must have been lost
Had Jesus not ransomed my soul at the cost
Of his own precious blood ; so now I must sing
Of Him as my Prophet, my Priest, and my King.

RUINED BY SIN—SAVED BY GRACE

“I’m a poor sinner,” yet happy am I
As bird on the wing mounting up to the sky ;
I’m free, since my Jesus has broken my thrall,
And I praise Him and bless Him, my “All and in all.”

“I’m a poor sinner ;” my life is not mine
Since Jesus has stamped it with value divine.
Being bought with a price, I call nothing my own,
At the feet of my Lord I lay everything down.

“I’m a poor sinner,” and weakest of all,
But He will not suffer His weakest to fall ;
And so, when He makes up His jewels at last
My crown at His feet I will hasten to cast.

VINDICATION

A FLY lit on the horn of an ox,
As he grazed one summer day ;
A wild wind blew on the shore of rocks,
And spattered them with spray.

The ox grazed on, nor heeded he
The fly that nibbled his horn ;
The rocks, in their silent majesty,
Tossed back the surf with scorn.

Now, learn from the ox, in his dignity,
And the granite, calm and strong,
A lesson of value through life to thee ;—
And treasure it well and long :

If the tittle-tattles come buzzing around,
To sting and poison your name,
And envy hurls its bitter spray
To smirch your well earned fame,

Don't spend your strength in chasing flies,
Nor fret at the nasty spray ;
For soon the troublesome insect dies,
And the sun dries the surf away.

VINDICATION

A good man's name, like the ox's horn,
Defies the slanderer's bite ;
As soon may a rock of its strength be shorn,
As a life that stands for the right.

Go on with your work, come blame or praise ;
Leave slander to meet its fate ;
Truth's verdict sometimes long delays,
But come it will—though late.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR RALLY

RALLY, Y. P. S. C. E. ;
“Forward !” let the watchword be ;
Earnest be our noble youth
In the sacred cause of truth.
Quick the years are speeding on—
Sowing time will soon be gone.

Rally, when the church bell calls—
Come, within the hallowed wall ;
God will meet and bless you here,
Comfort, strengthen, aid and cheer,
And each holy Sabbath day
Speed you on your Heavenly way.

Rally, father, mother, child,
By the call to prayer beguiled,
Lay aside each vain excuse,
Make with God a lasting truce,
At His altar-flame to seek
Light and strength for all the week.

Rally, at the Sabbath’s close :—
Sweet will be the night’s repose,
When from church you wend your way :—

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR RALLY

“I have walked with God to-day,”—
Such a peaceful thought will prove
Semblance to the life above.

Rally, when, amid the week,
Called, from care, your God to seek ;
Bid the world, one sacred hour,
To release you from its power.
Come, your Saviour here to meet,
Come, to His dear Mercy Seat.

Rally, for the Master’s work ;—
Up, and at it—never shirk !
He who gave Himself for thee,
Paid thy debt upon the tree,
Loves thee with unmeasured love,
Calls thee from His throne above.

Rally one, and rally all !—
You have heard that loving call ;
Clear it comes, above the din
Of earth without and heart within ;
“In my vineyard work to-day—
I will be with thee alway.”

Rally, to the Sunday School :—
Let the ranks be strong and full.
In the work right here at home
For “one more” there’s always room ;

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR RALLY

Do the things you can do best—
Then let others do the rest.

Speak to strangers when they come ;
Make them feel that this is home ;
Clasp the poorest by the hand—
Be a loving, social band :
Greet the children with a smile,—
And their lonely thoughts beguile.

Little duties—humble tasks—
These are what the Master asks ;
Vanity brings no reward
To the servants of the Lord ;
What we do in love, is all
That will answer to His call.

Rally, then, from near and far—
Like the men who go to war :—
Join the army of the Lord,
Armed with helmet, shield and sword ;
Bear the banner of the cross—
Let it never suffer loss.

Rally—till the lands afar,
Torn by feud, and cursed by war,
For their woes shall find surcease,
Through our glorious Prince of Peace ;
Till, o'er all the earth shall be
Heaven's triumphant jubilee.

THE HARVEST

THE reaper into the harvest thrust :
The fields all white are growing ;
The time has come for garnering up
The fruit of age's sowing.
The golden era's coming on,
The day-star heralds its dawning ;
Propitious fate reserved for us
The affluence of its morning.

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
The genial soil has yielded
A rich award to the giant strength
The arm of toil has wielded.
Survey the future's gorgeous field—
An opening flood of blessing,
Borne by the rising tide of time,
Sets in upon us pressing.

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
The generous past is bursting
In buds of promise and of hope,
Despair's grim night dispersing.
Arise ye ! “ To the breach once more ! ”

THE HARVEST

High noon sets on the dial ;
Momentous issues urge their suit,
Brave souls ! abide the trial.

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
Though in the heat you welter,
Approaching shades come on apace
To give you grateful shelter.
Be earnest now ! “redeem the time,”
For sin’s death-pall is spreading
Like deep’ning night o’er ruin’s verge,
Where untold throngs are treading.

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
The voice of stifled pleading
Comes echoing from a myriad hearts
That now lie crushed and bleeding.
Rum-fiends still vend their blighting curse,
While many an anguished mother
And famished children plead in vain,
At the heart of a drunken father.

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
The bondman’s chains are ringing
In doleful dissonance afar,
While bards are of freedom singing.
Beneath the southern Moloch’s dome
Slaves are for mercy praying,
While demon-saint and tyrant-priest
Sing psalms to drown their wailing.

THE HARVEST

The reaper into the harvest thrust :
For vice is at noon-day stalking,
But its hydra form must be laid low,
And the welcome day is breaking.
All hail to its rising, spreading light,
Dispelling the reign of terror,
Calling slumbering millions from the night,
The dismal night of error.

March, 1859.

1842—1892

On a Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

BETWEEN these two dates, like the leaves of a book,
Are folded the years of a married life ;
And to-day o'er the treasured annal we look—
One chapter of blessedness—husband and wife,
Fifty fair pages, all bright
With a silver and golden light.

Some contrasts we find ; nor can it seem strange
That spaces of sunshine have shadows between ;
A half century covers a varying range
Of events, and life is a shifting scene ;
Fair fifty pages, and each
With its own special lesson to teach.

On the earliest pages, a roseate glow,
Telling well the story of youth and of love ;
Growing deeper and richer as years come and go,
And blending, anon, with the light from above—
Fifty fair pages, that shine,
At last, with a lustre divine.

Stories these pages might tell if they would,
Stories of struggles, and crosses and tears ;
Of patient endeavor, come evil, come good,

Two lives with one aim through the on-going years :

Fifty fair pages that tell
Of a race run bravely and well.

What changes the pages record, and how great
The achievements of science ! What arts have had birth !

What progress been made in church and in state !

New life breaking forth like a flood o'er the earth :
Fifty fair pages, that seem
Like the boldest flight of a dream.

For railroad, telegraph, sewing machine,
Typewriter, telephone, "patent out-sides,"
"Wheels," ringers, dynamos, run in between
The lids of this book ; and a great gulf divides
Fifty fair pages—first and last—
Then and now—the present and past.

And thunders of war and battle's fierce tide,
And liberty's heraldry, lofty and free,
Have cut for themselves a deep channel and wide,
Between the old days and the days yet to be :
Fifty fair pages record
The wonderful works of the Lord.

The redolent morning arose to the noon ;
The silver turned golden as evening drew near ;
The journey, though weary, will terminate soon ;
The gates of the city of God will appear :
Fifty fair pages will shine
In the light of a glory divine.

LIFE WORK

WERE life one scene of pleasure fair,
No ills, no clouds, no storms,
No foes to meet, no pains to bear,
No labors to perform—

Were it a stream that wends its way
With gently ebbing tide,
And man a supple gondola,
Adown the stream to glide—

Were there no conflicts stern to test
Man's sinew and his nerve,
He ne'er had filled Heaven's high behest,
His day and race to serve ;

He ne'er had scaled Olympia's heights,
Or delved its rocky base ;
Nor plumed his thought with eagle flight,
The giddy orbs to trace ;

He ne'er had treasured up the love
Of nature and of art,
Nor felt within himself the power
To bless the human heart ;

LIFE WORK

He ne'er had known what kindness, love,
What philanthropic zeal,
What generous impulses might move
His soul for human weal.

'Tis toil that makes the strength of man,
"We live in deeds not years :"
And he lives most, whose deeds entrench
His life with grateful tears.

His day of life's a day of strife,
In battle for the right ;
He seeks humanity's relief
From sin's destructive blight ;

He has the chivalry of soul
That makes him dare be true,
He spurns the wrong, and has no goal
But truth and right in view.

Such is the man whose life shall be
In grateful memory borne ;
Him Christ shall bid, "Come unto me,"
In judgment's awful morn.

PASSING AWAY

WE'RE passing away : each circling year
Counts many an hour that brings us near
The appointed time for our exit from earth,
To that dream-land where pleasures immortal have birth.

We're passing away : each sky-flitting cloud
Is a token most faithful that man, now so proud,
Flaunts a few fleeting years in vanity drest,
But the dark grave at last is his place of rest.

We're passing away : each leaf and each blade,
The oak of the forest, the flower of the glade,
The life freighted spring, summer's long harvest day,
And winter's dread waste, sigh, "We're passing away."

We're passing away : the great rolling sun,
The silver-gilt star, the pale, smiling moon,
Blend their still touching voices to chant the sad lay,
And earth echoes mournfully, "passing away."

We're passing away: the smile mantled cheek
Of the infant, the youth, hath a language to speak;
The silver-clad brow worn with life's weary day
Tells the truth, all too true, we're passing away.

PASSING AWAY

All that mingles to make up the drama of life,
This scene of heart struggles, tears, sorrow and strife,
All terrestrial nature bears marks of decay,
Chanting sad her own requiem, "passing away."

THE BOON I ASK

THE boon I ask of this world,
Is not its wealth and praise,
Nor that proud marble o'er my dust
Ungrateful hands may raise ;

I ask not for a great name,
Emblazoned in renown,
Nor cold and heartless flattery
That heaven must needs disown ;

I plead not rest from labor,
Nor crave release from pain ;
Nor will that other hearts and hands
Should take my loss and gain ;

I do not pray for long life—
For years that yield no fruit ;
For lingering days of helplessness,
Before my sands run out :

The boon I ask of this world,
Is, that when I am gone,
Some sufferer may seek my grave
And weep for me alone ;

THE BOON I ASK

And those I once instructed,
And erring ones I led,
The lonely orphans I made glad,
The poor I clothed and fed,

May stand with bated breathing
My place of rest above,
And number over tenderly
The works I wrought in love.

Better than stately marble
My monument shall be,
If evermore in grateful hearts
Shall linger thoughts of me.

LYDIA

WE speak thy name with tenderness ;
For there are lips still tremulous
With fond and chastened love
That scarce have dared to move
Since thy fair lips gave back to us
Thy sweet farewell—thy last caress.

We've marked the fall of fading leaves
For many sad departing years ;
Their fall we henceforth link
With thine ; and we shall think
Of thee, when Autumn, with our tears,
Drops on thy grave the robe it weaves.

Yet not alone we trust to see
In falling leaves thy monument ;
For there were loving deeds
And care for human needs,
And hours in Christ's dear service spent
That still shall kindly tell of thee.

Nor do we mourn our earthly loss
That brought to us such heavenly gain,
As those who, without hope,

LYDIA

Drink sorrow's bitter cup ;
For pleasure now repays thy pain,
And life's bright crown succeeds thy cross.

Thy soul has reached the summer land
Where fading shall be known no more ;
Unto thy heavenly home
No night, no death shall come ;
And on that peaceful shining shore
We hope, with thee, white robed to stand.

Oh, vernal years of ceaseless bloom :
Oh, stormless sky : Oh, perfect day :
Oh, love and peace and rest :
Oh, mansions of the blest :
How long ere we, still far away,
Shall to the blissful dawning come ?

The dispensations of the Lord,
The mysteries of grief and love,
All these shall be made bright
In God's revealing light—
Not now, but in the home above ;
By ties not here, but there restored.

CRUX MIHI ANCHORA

I'M anchored to the blessed Cross,
That entereth within the vale.
The wild waves now my bark may toss,
I smile defiance at the gale.

As once on the Tiberian Sea,
Their vessel to and fro much tossed,
A trembling crew to Jesus flee
And cry, "Awake, or all is lost!"

So the dark waves in tumult rose,
Of sin, and fear and unbelief,
To overwhelm my false repose,
And drown my soul with grief on grief.

All His dread billows o'er me poured,
And sinking seemed my wreck of peace,
When Christ the Saviour came on board,
And bade the winds and waves to cease.

Rebuked, the storm His whisper heard,
And never sea more placid grew,
Than when at Jesus' sovereign word,
My doubts and fears their Master knew.

CRUX MIHI ANCHORA

And now above life's ocean roar,
Amid its ceaseless tide and surge,
I listen, catching evermore,
The gentle, talismanic words—

“Peace and be still” and in my breast
Are hushed all turbulent desires,
My anxious care is lulled to rest,
And quelled are all the passion-fires.

No tempest may so angry grow,
But it shall hear the “still small voice ;”
No errant thought, but quick shall know
And make His sweet control, my choice.

This world can no disaster bring
While in the ship the Master keeps,
And to His anchor Cross I cling
On billow's crest, or in the deeps.

My boat may roll from side to side,
My sails may lap the foaming spray,
And masts may dip beneath the tide
Or surges carry them away—

Yet all is peace—the anchor holds,
The cable, life nor death, can part ;
And clouds may wrap me in their folds,
Despair cannot enfold my heart.

CRUX MIHI ANCHORA

A beacon marks the quiet shore
Where, anchored, I at last shall stand
With those who glided on before
And now are watching on the strand.

Crux Mihi Anchora—I sing,
As nearer seems the haven fair,
And wind and waves are sent to bring
My wandering bark to anchor there.

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

A paraphrase of Robert G. Ingersoll's last poem.

WE need no falsehoods to defend,
We have the facts.
Our force, our thoughts, we do not spend
In vain attacks ;
To know and do the truth we try,—
Truth, fairer than a pleasing lie.

The truth of God is all we ask ;—
This, our ideal.
The truth in Christ makes plain our task
To find the real.
We seek the gold and not the dross :
Who seek for this need fear no loss.

A lowly faith cannot be fooled,
Not fable-nursed ;
In meek submission ever schooled
To bear the worst,
It can look up and calmly dare
All things, if only God be there.

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

We have one God to serve and fear,
One hell to shun ;
All devils to resist while here
Our course we run.
No endless sleep will close our eyes
Beyond this realm of dreams and sighs.

We own one Master of the land
And sea and air ;
Made free through Him alone, we stand
In grateful prayer ;
Why should we fear the coming night ?
We dwell in God, and God is light.

We need not bow before a guess,
For things unknown ;
The great Revealer sure will bless
And guide His own,
And change what seemed a bitter curse
To rapture set in song and verse.

When cyclones rend, when lightning blights,
It is not fate ;
There is a God who never smites
In heathen hate.
In things that seem to injure man
He has a purpose, thought and plan.

The jeweled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

Now swiftly flows in every vein
With warmth divine ;
We know and see—not hope and dream—
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We walk by faith's increasing light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height
Fearing no wrath
Nor curse of God, nor human spite,
If, knowing, we but do the right.

We love our fellow man—our kind—
Wife, child and friend ;
As taught by Jesus, lead the blind ;
Like Him, extend
The helping hand to the distressed ;
Like Him, in blessing we are blessed.

Love's sacred flame is in the heart,
And friendship's glow,
While all the miracles of art
Their wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain,
And present raptures banish pain.

We look for treasures in the skies
When mortal flesh,
Its passion-fires extinguished, lies
In beds made fresh

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

With flowers like banners there unfurled,
Faith's emblem for a dying world.

The hands that help are stronger, far,
With lips that pray ;
Love is the ever-gleaming star
That lights the way
And shines from worlds of perfect bliss,
To make a paradise of this.

We pray, but do not weep and wail ;
We have no dread,
No fear, to pass beyond the veil
That hides our dead ;
We do not question, dream or guess,
For faith's assurance we possess.

Our prayer is answered, and we know
'Tis not in vain ;
There is a "Master of the show,"
Who does explain
And from the future tears the mask ;
It is no dream, when Him we ask.

Death is a door that leads to light,
Brighter than day.
There is, through all the silent night
A shining way ;
No tongueless secret, locked in fate,
O'erhangs the door at which we wait.

IT SNOWS

S NOW !

Volatile, capricious snow,
Waltzing dreamily to and fro !
Silent, aimless, how it floats !
Myriad flaky, fleecy motes,
Tilting, waving on the air,
Oscillating here and there,
With the most bewitching grace,
In a wild and wanton chase,
Tripping over land and sea,
Like aerial spirits free,
Fashion's emblem is the snow—
Glittering, cold, coquettish snow.

Snow !

Fleecy tumult fills the sky ;
White-winged legions passing by,
Swaying with the zigzag wind,
By no "mete or bound" confined,
Lithe as angels from afar—
From the ether "gates ajar" ;
Had I wings, this very day,
Land that seemeth far away,

IT SNOWS

Thou shouldst to my spirit be
Nearer than the one I see,
Dark with woe, white with snow,
Vanishing, inconstant snow !

Snow !
Making all things white and new,
Type of souls made pure and true,
Shouldst thou tarry but a night,
Dreams as beautiful and bright,
Hopes as holy, thoughts as chaste,
May as quickly be effaced ;
Names with purest incense blest,
Lives on which no shadows rest,
Souls in angel whiteness clad,
Hearts that never yet were sad,
Dark may grow, fading so,
Perishing silently, like the snow !

REST THOU IN PEACE

Written on the death of a friend.

REST thou in peace ; thy race was short,
Thy sun went down at its noon-tide—
But set without a cloud betokening.
No storm upon that long nightless to-morrow,
Which thy sleep of death approximates ;
Rest thou in peace, thy work is done.
Many in time to come shall reap the fruit
Of that good seed which thou hast sown
In faithfulness, in tears, while thou
In heaven shall reap the rich rewards of thy discipleship.
Thou wilt be missed ; thy vacant pew
Will speak in memory of thee touchingly ;
And in the prayer-circle where we were wont
To hear thy fervent pleading at the throne of grace,
There when the solemn rite goes round,
And voice succeeding voice goes up to God
In supplication, thy tones we shall not hear,
And may perchance relent thy early fall.
Thou wilt be missed, but most around the board
And hearthstone where warm incense of devotion
Rose morning and eve from grateful hearts

REST THOU IN PEACE

To which thy own did beat responsive.
From the entrenchments of a father's love,
And from thy nestling place among the tendrils of a
Mother's warm affection, they will miss thee,
And along their pilgrimage a thousand tokens
Of thy missing presence shall waken afresh
Those chords which now vibrate in tones of grief.

Rest thou in peace ; we murmur not,
For thou hast made the voyage of life
Beneath a genial sky, and o'er a placid sea ;
And happy art thou now to moor thy bark
Upon the stormless, cloudless, surgeless shore
Of undisturbed felicity. God took thee
Ere care made its deep furrow on thy brow
Of the rough wearings of this phantom-chasing life,
Had chafed thy spirit and dispelled
That glow of kindly christian sympathy
Which thou were wont to wear upon thy countenance,
And which when death had set his seal upon thee
Beamed forth from thy unclosed eyes
With a prophetic fire.

Rest thou in peace ; for thou hast reached
The fond ideal of thy hopes and longings ;
Thou art present in the New Jerusalem
And hast seen the King in all his beauty ;
Not by the eye of faith through a glass darkly
As thou did upon the eve of thy departure

REST THOU IN PEACE

When thou wrestled in strong prayer to God,
For then the burden of thy earthly work
Rested upon thee, and the fever,
Like a storm, thy earthly tabernacle rent ;
And then thou wert but in the vestibule of glory,
But art now striking thy harp of gold
In the great temple of the Lord on high.

Rest thou in peace ; soft melody
From the cherubic courts above
Fell like the breath of angels on thy spirit,
Wooing it to the land of song, and harp, and seraphim.
Now thou art in Heaven,
With that loved one whose life was thine,
And in whose death died earthly charms,
And earthly hopes, and earthly joys to thee ;
For in her death there were the blendings
And unfoldings of a fadeless life to come—
Sweet pledge to thee, that buried hopes
And sundered ties are emblems
Of a better life and a reunion
Full of unmixed blessedness.

Rest thou in peace ; the storm is past—
The goal of bliss is reached at last ;
Thou'rt free, in Jesus free,
Eternal rest remains for thee.

THE OLD CHURCH

Unfinished poem, written after leaving his last pastorate.

GOOD-BYE, old church, if this must be ;
My life and love were given Thee.
My holiest faith and fondest thought
Into thy very walls are wrought,
And every fresco-tint is fair
With fadeless memories, painted there ;
Good-bye, old church.

Thy pulpit, ever sacred place,
Where God revealed his peace and face—
Thy pews, where hearts with mingled prayer
Laid at His feet their load of care ;
The organ tones, or loud or soft,
And praises, bearing us aloft—
Good-bye, old church.

PUSH THINGS

THIS is the age of steam and fire,
Of desperate haste and hot desire ;
Of thought that speeds on lightning wings,
Of nations and destinies born in a day ;
For the “slow coach” era has passed away—
And this is the time to “push things.”

The fogy still carries his grist on a nag,
With a stone in the opposite end of the bag,
And to the old custom lovingly clings ;
But bigger grists than his are ground,
As the ponderous wheels of the age go around,
And its mighty forces “push things.”

Agitation is now the rule,
And life is changed to a lively school.
For the wrongs of serfs and the rights of kings,
The schemes of the wicked, high or low,
Are read by the millions thro’ and thro’,
And all unite to “push things.”

We live in an age of enterprise,
Of ears acute and open eyes ;
With wonders new the wide world rings ;

PUSH THINGS

Arts and inventions, great and small,
Improve the lot of each and all,
And help mankind to “push things.”

Ours is a day of living fast,
And good and evil are sown broadcast ;
And each with a quicker life upsprings,
For the evil will choke the good to death,
Unless with heart and hand and breath
We earnestly haste and “push things.”

This is a crisis of right and wrong,
And in a contest sharp and strong
Each down the menacing gauntlet flings ;
And the battle of truth, with legions arrayed,
Grows red with the heat of hearts not afraid
To do and dare and “push things.”

This is the time when *life* means *work*,
And the meanest man is the idle shirk
Who still to his drowsy pillow clings ;
For now the dolt, the slave, the drone,
Are only found in the Torrid Zone,
And the good and the true all “push things.”

For mighty works must yet be done—
Salvation and grace are but begun ;
The dawn of which the prophet sings,

PUSH THINGS

When the lion and the lamb shall play,
And none shall harm, and all obey,
In the distance waits till we “push things.”

The winds bring to us a sorrowful wail,
The zephyrs tell a plaintive tale,
The air with a voice of agony rings ;
'Tis the wail of poverty, pain and sin—
The prayer that pleads for the ushering in
Of the joy that must come when we “push things.”

Then with emulous heart and cheerful feet,
Let us welcome the task be it lowly or great,
Which our great generation brings ;
For a sure reward and a great renown,
And laurels green, and a saintly crown,
Are *only* for those who “push things.”

REVERIES

SWEET thoughts and sad of other days
Come with these gentle evening shades ;
And as the moaning sea wind plays
Through casements, weird and plaintive lays,
The present from my vision fades,
As go the mellow, fading rays.

I gaze out on the sullen deep,
That to another deep doth call.
Upon its breast night seems to sleep ;
But restless waves still swell and leap
Beneath that silent, brooding pall,
As hearts a ceaseless throbbing keep.

Oh ! other deeps than this I know,
And other days that usher nights,
And seeming peace that is not so ;
And smiles that guise an inward woe,
And hopes that fade as transient lights,
And winds and waves that come and go.

I've seen the morn in glory rise,
And touch the hills and kiss the plain—
Hope, joy and song, like sacrifice,

REVERIES

Rose to the sympathetic skies ;
Then all was clad in gloom again,
And darkness rested on my eyes.

I've seen the bursting life of spring
Come forth in germ and leaf and flower ;
I've heard the busy hum and ring
Of culture, care and husbanding ;
I've walked through autumn's leafless bower,
I've heard drear winter's fierce gales sing ;

But this is more than prophecy :
There "standeth sure" this blessed word,
That soon or late shall come a day
Whose noon will never pale away,
And voices lost, that once we heard,
We'll hear again and join their lay.

There is a sweet spring just at hand,
After our wintry discontent ;
Rare bloom regales that vernal land,
Soft, bright skies evermore expand,
The air of love is ambient,
And to this spring there comes no end.

The loved and pure of other days
Come to me through the silent shade ;
I see them in their strength and joy,
I see them slowly waste away,

REVERIES

As tenderest hopes and blossoms fade,
To shine beneath a kindlier sky.

Each voice I hear recalls to me
A voice that I shall hear no more ;
Each face, a brow I shall not see,
Each tie, a union yet to be,
Only beyond the earthward shore,
Amid a goodly company.

I dread not all the soul's dark night,
I heed not all the toils that come ;
I walk by faith and wait for sight
Of wings for some transcendent flight
That wafts me to the welcome home,
Where all shall finally be light.

In pains and cups of misery,
I see the mystery of life ;
But He, the God, hath taught me this :
That bitterest cups pledge sweetest bliss ;
And so, not else, I bide the strife,
And wait upon his ministry.

L. of C.

IMMORTALITY

THE flower that nestles in the vale,
Exhaling fragrance on the air,
And loading every passing gale
With grateful incense breathing there,
When spring's enchanting hour has fled
Must fade and wither where it grew,
And sleep its last sweet sleep in death,
With all the floral retinue.

The strong-ribbed oak that rears its head
In towering grandeur heavenward,
And wide its wavy branches spread,
From sun and storm to guard the sward,
Bereft of its majestic charms
Must bow its stately form to earth—
Must fold its long distended arms,
And moulder in the grassy turf.

The laughing, leaping, prating rill,
Must hush its murmuring melody ;
And downy chorals that fill
The air, must cease their minstrelsy.
So nature's universal voice

IMMORTALITY

Shall falter and grow still in death ;
And her great pulsing heart must cease
Its throbbing life, its heaving breath ;

But though all nature cease to be—
The moon and stars refuse their light,
The sun grow dim and fade away,
And countless worlds sink into night,
Our spirits with unwearyed haste
Shall soar to reach the mount of God,
And shout amid the dismal waste
Redemption through atoning blood.

A HALF CENTURY

On the fiftieth wedding anniversary of friends.

AS autumn lends a golden hue
To harvest field and woody bower,
And richer tints o'erspread the blue,
When nearer draws the sunset hour,

So to our human lives may come,
From God's sweet sunshine, year by year,
Before the sheaves are gathered home,
A golden beauty rich and rare.

The good deeds wrought, as time went by,
The virtues fostered, day by day,
These blend along life's evening sky,
And brighter make the pilgrim way.

'Tis meet, my friends, this festive scene
Is placed in autumn's earlier time,
For you, at three score years and ten,
To us seem only in your prime.

We gather here, to-day, to share
With you the joy and wealth untold
Of fifty years, more rich and rare
Than vaults of silver and of gold.

A HALF CENTURY

We come to talk the old times o'er ;
To tread the paths of by-gone years ;
To sing the wedding song once more,
And charm away regretful tears.

These fifty years of shade and shine,
Of youthful love, and visions fair,
Of raising babies, milking kine,
And building castles in the air,

Of felling trees and pulling stumps,
Of driving oxen with beech goads,
Of plowing roots with lively bumps,
Of grading up primeval roads,

Of living in the snug log home,
With kitchen, parlor, pantry, hall,
And dining, sitting, sleeping-room
In one—and room enough for all,

Of going to meeting on a sled,
Of breaking up the rich green sward,
Of eating pork and Indian bread,
Of toil which yielded quick reward :

What years they were, what joys they brought ;
What ups and downs, what blooms and snows ;
What tranquil seas, disturbed by nought,
What squalls, that never came to blows !

A HALF CENTURY

If life has been diversified,
With clouds and beams of light between,
If by extremes of fortunes tried,
Then, all the better, life has been.

A meek old man of placid vis,
His parson met with twinkling eyes,
And piously remarked that his
Connubial card has drawn a prize.

“For parson,” quoth this goodish saint,
“In all these years myself and wife
Have passed no cross words of complaint,
Nor quarreled *once* in all our life.”

“Not one dispute along the way,”
Exclaimed the parson, “not a fuss !”
“If so, then I am bound to say
Your life has been monotonous.”

Well, you have sailed the seas of life
Through fifty years in every weather,
Captain and mate, husband and wife,
You've braved the storms and waves together.

And now, the harbor's drawing near ;
Your sun slopes to the western portal ;
The gloaming gathers ; and you hear
The surf-beat on the shores immortal.

A HALF CENTURY

So, join your hands, repeat the vow,
The deathless bonds that you entwine,
And stronger make your love to grow,
And purer, deeper, more divine ;

Yes, join your hands, and wedded be
To walk beside the Lamb in white
On that bright shore, beyond the sea,
As you've sailed, *ffty years, to-night.*

HIDDEN

WANDERED over the hill-side
That slopes to the setting sun,
For the blossoms of trailing arbutus,
When the day was almost done.

It was one of the rarest of May-days,
And cooled by a softening breeze;—
Not a sound but the lake's gentle ripple
And the bird-songs in the trees.

The earth was flecked by the May-flowers,
Like snow flakes scattered around;
Or a carpet with daintiest figures
Dropped carelessly over the ground.

I fell on my knees to scan closer
The beauties that lay half concealed,
For I knew that the charms that are rarest,
To carefullest search are revealed.

The love and the truth held within us,
By the heart, in its silent thrall,
Our hidden and cherished possessions,
Are treasured most sacred of all.

So under the leaves and the mosses
The pink-tinted petals were found,
Unconscious of art or ambition,
Exhaling their sweetness around.

HIDDEN

And I saw in the trailing arbutus
 A symbol of virtue and worth
Which sound out no trumpet before them,
 Yet they gladden and bless the earth.

Of modesty, meekness and patience,
 Sweet blossoms, a sermon you preach ;
Not jealous of stars in the azure,
 Nor ripples that play on the beach.

Arbutus, go on with your preaching !
 God's oracle truly are you ;
And your sermons evermore deepen
 Our love for the good and the true.

They are practical, searching sermons,
 And they give us a heartfelt pain,
For they make us know we are selfish,
 Conceited, and heartless, and vain.

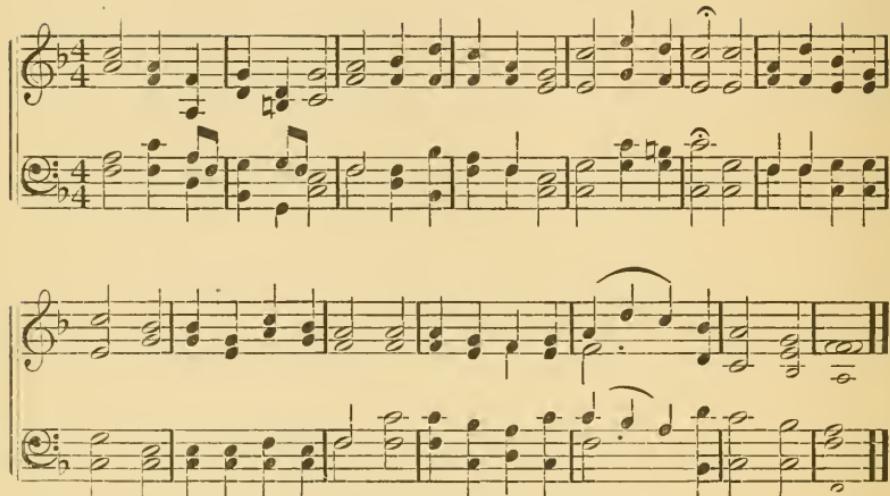
Your white little petals are transient,
 Their beauty is but for a day ;
But they tell us of bloom immortal,
 In the land that is far away.

And from the brown hill-side you whisper
 Of glories supernal and fair,
In a home beyond fading and dying,
 Till I almost wish I was there.

But I know that your sermon is teaching
 For *this* life the lessons of love ;
And I *ought* to learn how I may make it
 As pure as the bright world above.

INTERCESSION

Words and music by Dr. Burgess.



O HOLY GHOST divine,
Upon our darkness shine,
And light our way ;
Bid every doubt remove,
Our bosoms fill with love,
And lift our souls above,
To realms of day.

Here countless foes assail,
And we before them quail,
With baffled aim;

INTERCESSION

O, by Thy strength sustain,
Nor let us strive in vain,
Till we the vict'ry gain,
In Jesus' name.

In all our pilgrim-state
Our souls upon Thee wait,
And trust Thy power;
Be Thou our stay and guide,
O'er all our steps preside,
And keep us near Thy side,
In peril's hour.

A joy serene impart,
Breathe into every heart
Faith's calm repose;
More love for Jesus shed:—
He for our ransom bled,
And Death a captive led,
When He arose.

DONE REFUSIN'

Do with thy might what thy hands find to do.—Eccl. 9:10.

HERE was work for the Lord to be done in the church,

And the workers were few, indeed ;

They were often sadly left in the lurch,

And their cry there were none to heed.

There chanced in that church a deacon to be,

Who was homespun and common enough ;

Neither wealthy, nor learned, nor polished, was he,

But a diamond in the rough.

Yet his heart was large, and his love was deep ;

And his piety very sincere—

The ways of the Lord he had tried to keep,

Through many a passing year,

But he had not *always* in meekness bowed—

The yoke he had *sometimes* refused—

More than once he had said, with the idle crowd :

“I pray thee, have me excused.”

Nor can it be deemed his excuse was not good ;

Though good excuses are rare—

For his thought was much upon raiment and food

For those who were under his care,

DONE REFUSIN'

And he honestly meant what he said, no doubt,
When he begged them to pass him by :
" You will find some one else, by looking about,
That will do much better than I."

But this deacon saw things in a different light,
As the years were speeding away ;
And he came to fear it was not just right
To answer the Master, Nay !
The trials of life had softened him more,
And grace had done its work ;
And he saw, as he never had seen before,
The sin of thus playing the shirk.

Somehow the deacon had come to regard
The work which the church had to do—
Though it might for the time seem very hard—
As a work for the Master, too.
He had learned that the lowliest act of love
For the humblest who serve the Lord,
Is seen by the eye that looks down from above,
And will some time meet its reward.

So the pastor came to his door one day,
This deacon's assistance to ask;
And the thing in view, 'tis proper to say,
Was rather an irksome task.
The deacon a moment stood silent in thought,

DONE REFUSIN'

And then he lifted his head:—
“It is not just the thing I, myself, would o’sought,
But I’m done refusin’,” he said.

The heart of that pastor grew light with surprise,
As he wended his way to the manse;
And visions of glory beamed in his eyes,—
And he thought, how the church would advance,
Her borders extend, and her harvests increase,
Her joy like a river flow on;—
How the hum of her industry never would cease,
If “refusin’” forever was “done.”

“I’m done refusin’ :” the homely words
Are like the refrain of a song;—
And sweeter than notes of singing birds
Their echoes are borne along:—
And I fancy that some day, up in the sky,
When the Master his servant shall meet,
That deacon will lay, with unspeakable joy,
Golden sheaves, at the Master’s feet.

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